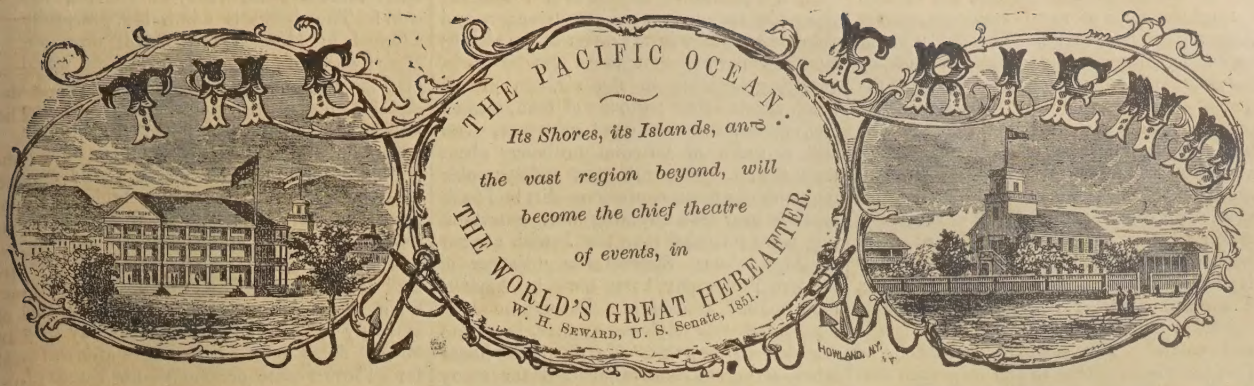
THE FRIEND
THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
Its Shores, its Islands, and the vast region beyond, will become the chief theatre of events, in
THE WORLD'S GREAT HEREAFTER.
W. H. SEWARD, U. S. Senate, 1851.
HONOLULU, H. I.

New Series, No. 3, Vol. 29.} HONOLULU, MARCH 1, 1880. {Old Series, Vol. 37.

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THE FRIEND.

MARCH 1, 1880.

☞ Two subscriptions of $1,000 each have been recently received towards a "President's Fund" of $30,000 for Punahou School. Other subscriptions of larger or smaller amounts are much desired. Where is our large-minded merchant prince or wealthy sugar planter, ready to immortalize his name and bless this community with the new educational buildings and apparatus so much needed at Punahou?—*Gazette.*

☞ In our last issue, one of our correspondents, Major Webb, writing from Tahiti, referred to Miss Gordon Cumming's water-color sketches, and expressed this idea: "A great artist has plenty of scope to exercise his talent, both here and on your Islands." We are pleased to add that Miss Gordon Cumming has visited our Islands and Japan, and in both countries exercised her superior talent in water-color painting. It was our privilege to see specimens of her skill and exquisite talent in this department of the fine arts. Her sketches of Fuzeyama, in Japan, and our volcano Kilauea, were something wonderful, and far excelled anything we have ever seen in this department. We understand that she ranks high as an artist in water-colors, and her paintings command a high price in London. Miss Cumming is the particular friend of Miss Bird, and we think these two English ladies have admirably sketched our Island scenery, the former with her brush and the latter with her pen Professor Alexander has remarked that he could go "botanizing" around Kilauea, Miss Cumming's painting before him.

Japanese and Chinese Scriptures.

We would acknowledge from Dr. Gulick, in Japan, a volume, about which he remarks as follows: "I enclose two gift volumes, one for yourself and the other for Mr. Bingham. It is a very interesting volume, as being the publication of a Christian firm of Japanese booksellers, entirely at their own cost. The whole is printed from engraved copper plates. It gives you a little intimation of the enterprise this people are showing in their newly-embraced Christianity."

☞ We would acknowledge receiving a monthly published in Sydney, and entitled *The Illustrated Words of Grace.* It is a most excellent publication, and must accomplish much good so far as it is circulated and read. The Rev. A. W. Murray, author of "Polynesia and New Guinea," is a frequent contributor to its pages.

Also, we would acknowledge copies of Spurgeon's *Sword and Trowel,* forwarded by Mrs. Taylor, of London, and formerly of Honolulu. Also, the *Chart and Compass,* published in London.

Book "Aloha" again.—Mrs. B., from Waterbury, thus writes us, under date of January 9th: "I am enjoying a pleasant little book, entitled 'Aloha,' which was sent to Mr. B. and myself recently. You have probably seen it ere this. It is written by Rev. G. L. Chaney, of Boston. It is well written. I find myself right back at the Islands again, among the good folks there, enjoying old scenes again as I read it."

Music: "Cascade." By S. F. Damon. Published by W. A. Pond & Co., Union Sq., New York.—We would acknowledge the above piece of music by a late mail, and are glad to learn that music has not become a lost art among those of "our" name, as history informs us that there was a famous musician of the name in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 38

Autumn Days in the Netherlands and Belgium—No. 3.

Amsterdam, the capital of Holland, that quaint old Dutch city on the Y, is, as every one will say, highly interesting, even when the clouds of damp grey mist float in from the Zuidersee, so potent is the charm of history and art. But those who were so happy as to visit this city in the early days of last September will, I am convinced, agree with me in saying that it was absolutely and entirely delightful. This was in part, perhaps, owing to the weather, and this was perfect. The days were rich in golden, mellow autumn sunshine, and the nights crowned with silver moonlight, which seemed to rest like a blessing on the shadowy old towers, the slumbertng trees and thousand winding canals of the city. I pay with pleasure this tribute to the exceeding loveliness of these rare days; and now we enter the city, where I fancy we shall find a more kindly welcome, in our garb of peaceful travelers, than had we come a few centuries ago with the clanking armor, the heavy helmets and cruel swords of Spanish soldiers. What stormy times peaceful old Amsterdam saw in its younger days!

Quaint old Erasmus of Rotterdam said he knew a city whose inhabitants lived "like cranes, on the tops of trees," meaning the good burgers of Amsterdam; and his comparison was not so very bad after all. The whole city (imagine it) is built on piles, sunk in the mud of this most watery and marshy region. What a race of beavers they are, these sturdy, patient Dutch! It would seem as if this earth of ours, with all its firm land, might have sufficed without this invasion upon the domain of the sea. Think of all the glorious stretches of plain and prairie there are left untilled and uninhabited, and then of this marshy Dutch coast, where land has been made in the midst of the waves and stately cities have arisen. Surely that old Adamic curse of work, which has ended in being a blessing, has been fulfilled here a thousand-fold.

Amsterdam is one of the most interesting cities it has been my good fortune to see in the old world. You know its long and important history, and that it is one of the leading commercial cities of Europe to-day,

and the first of the Dutch cities, the capital, but not the place of royal residence, as the King prefers the Hague. The city is intersected by innumerable canals, crossed by hundreds of bridges. All this, with the quaint architecture of the houses, tends to produce a most picturesque effect. The harbor is a forest of masts. Ships of all sizes, and steamers little and great, under the flags of all nations, make rendezvous here. The wharves are a Babel of languages and accents. Occident and Orient seem here to meet, and the wealth of the Indies is disclosed under this grey Northern sky. There are odors of the East, a perfume of spices, mingling with others less aromatic and poetic. The colonial possessions of Holland are so extensive and important that the intercourse between them and the mother country is naturally on a very large scale. There is a remarkable staidness and solidity about the city, which I find in no way at variance with its picturesqueness. Here one sees most evident traces of the proverbial Dutch cleanliness. The exterior as well as the interior seems to be cleaned and scoured. I was especially struck by a very clever arrangement which facilitated this. This was a species of pump, placed in a tub or bucket of water, with which the servant standing in the street could send a copious shower on to the windows and house, which seemed in a droll way of its own used to this perpetual ablution. Houses as well as people grow to be amphibious here! There is an especial charm in an early morning walk through the streets of Amsterdam. The life of the city begins early and continues late. The streets are sometimes the liveliest towards midnight. This is astonishing, after Germany. You see scarcely any long avenues here. All the houses, or a very large majority, face the canals, from which they are separated by broad streets or promenades. In the quieter portions of the city, where the wealthy merchants live, the canals are shaded by long and beautifully symmetrical rows of elms and other trees, which with the water sparkling in the sunlight, the noble bridges, the stately and carefully kept façades of the houses, make a most interesting, if quiet picture. Certainly a remarkable quiet reigns here in these early morning hours. There is a delicious drowsiness in this calm retreat, broken only now and then as some oar cuts the green waters of the canal. A little farther on we should find it more animated. What a bustle and stir along the quays. How much wealth goes in and out of these lofty, narrow stores and business houses, which run up, up towards the blue sky, ending in some quaint device at the top! They are grey with age; some of them have seen better days. They have been the palaces of stout and dignified burger princes of long ago. Climb their narrow winding stairways, dive into their dusky, "cobwebby" corners, and you would find many a rare bit of ancient glory—sculptured marbles, richly carved woods and faded tapestries. At every turn some strikingly interesting building faces you,—a thousand historic memories fling their shadows upon your way and claim a hearing. We wander on, scarcely thinking of the way we take. The Jewish quarter of this old city is in its way strangely interesting. What a spot for a painter! Quaint gabled houses; gipsy-like encampments of fruit-venders and old clothes sellers in the midst of the streets; lanes so narrow that those Jewish girls, gossiping high up in the air, can almost touch hands across; groups of men, women and children in "antique" garments, with still a touch of Oriental brilliancy about them; and, above all, that indispensable requisite of artistic confusion—dirt! I have scarcely ever seen anything more entertaining, more revolting than the Jewish quarter in Amsterdam. Spinoza, the "Father of Modern Philosophy," was born in Amsterdam in 1632, the son of a Portuguese Jew. Just out of this Hebrew quarter, in "Sint Anthonies Breestraat," No. 68, is the house where the great Rembrandt lived for many years. I scarcely think, should he come back to Amsterdam, that he would take up his abode again *there*. It might interest him to see, however, that a simple marble slab marks the spot. What a search it was to find it! The Portuguese Jews are the diamond cutters of the city, and, in fact, seem to possess the secret of this delicate art.

One breathes more freely coming out into the sunlight again, especially if by chance his way has led him on to that noble open "Place," the principal one of the city, where the Palace is situated. This is really the *heart* of the city; everything seems, as it were, to take here its life. There before you is the Bourse, at noon-time crowded with noisy, busy life—one of the most important exchanges of the world. With a certain delightful *naiveté*, all the great merchants of the city give way once a year, some time in August or September, to the children, who for a week hold possession of the Bourse. Here for a time, instead of shouting of stocks, one hears the silvery laughter of children, their shouts, the clamor of their drums and whistles. Could anything be more charming? Long ago, in 1622, some proposed attack on the city by the Spaniards was discovered through the children in some way or other, and since then the small people of Amsterdam have been held in honor, as I hope they will always be. We have just time to go into that stately Gothic church on the opposite side of the square, one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in Holland. As it happens, our visit is for us most opportune, as the kind-hearted old lady in a white cap, who is showing us about among the dusty monuments, tells us that if we wait a few moments we shall see a wedding. And who can resist the temptation to wait? Strange what a fascination the sight of anything of the kind has for us all, even in its quietest form! You find it a strangely interesting old church, do you not? I never expect to see again such superb wood-carving as on that immense sounding-board over the pulpit, the stand itself and the winding stairs leading up to it. Its scroll-work and spreading foliage, the thousand blossoms and mellow fruitage, seem the labor of some sylvan fairies. At one end of the church is an elaborate monument to that famous naval hero, Admiral de Ruyter, "*immensi tremor Oceani.*" In different parts of the church are scattered more or less pretentious monuments to other men of the sea. You know what famous naval victories Holland has won! The church is admirably, gracefully adorned in Gothic style. But now our cheery guide (of all guides in this old world give me a bright-faced old lady, in pleated cap and musical with jingling keys, no one will serve you better,) is going through the most energetic pantomime to tell us that it is time for us to take our places. And sure enough, presently the little bridal train comes in—very simple, exceedingly *bourgeois*, but I find it, after all, quietly touching and tenderly poetic. There is a very great deal of blushing! The bride has a hat with white lace band and a black dress—for this is a very sensible and economical way they have of doing here. It can serve afterwards for all future state occasions—for Sundays, for baptisms and funerals. The groom has a pink flower in his buttonhole, and seems very happy, his happiness rendering him almost graceful. It is an odd, striking little picture. It is just about noon-time on some prosaic week-day. Without is the great hurrying world; within, this quiet group. The splendid gothic arches and pillars risê in their glorious symmetry about us. In front is the marble figure, wrapped in his mantle, of old De Ruyter. The clergyman, in black gown and white bands, reads the marriage service and says something so very kindly and tenderly that the Dutch gutturals grow soft and musical. On one side stand a pair of English travellers in tweed suits with red-covered guide-books in their hands, looking on. A few friends group around the pair. A hymn is sung—though in rather a faltering way, with singular sweetness; and this new life, this union of two in one, is begun, and in a twinkling we are all out again in the hurrying streets. I hope the new life will be a happy one so far as possible for them. It cannot fail to have its rough places, its tears, its sacrifices; but if the spirit of love and peace enters with them into their little Dutch home, it will all be well in the end.

The Palace is a very grand affair, with an imposing façade, fronting the Place. It was formerly, in the early days of the Republic, the City-hall, and was built after the Peace of Westphalia in 1648. It expresses in a splendid and lasting manner the intense patriotic feeling of the burgers of Amsterdam, their overflowing joy at their dearly-bought but highly-prized freedom, and testifies to the enormous wealth of that period. The interior is in the most lavish and artistic manner embellished with sculptured masses of purest white marble. The main hall, now used only on State festival occasions, is one of the most superb apartments in all Europe—100 feet high, with pillars. There is a wealth of symbolic ornament, a magnificence of proportions, a solid grandeur which is most impressive. A golden ship crowns the lofty dome of the roof. Standing before this mighty edifice, picture to yourself the days in which its corner-stone was laid:

At the beginning of the War of Indepeudence the population of Amsterdam was 70,000; in 1618 it was 300,000. The Venetian Ambassadors reported that people swarmed in the streets every hour of the day as at a fair. The city increased two-thirds. A surface equal to the size of a man's foot was worth a gold ducat. The country is as good as the city. A farmer

offers his daughter to Prince Maurice, with a dowry of 100,000 florins. Nowhere are industrial pursuits and manufactures so perfect; cloths, mirrors, sugar refineries, porcelain, pottery, rich stuffs of silk, satin and brocade, ironware and ship-rigging. They supply Europe with half of its luxuries and nearly all its transportation. A thousand vessels traverse the Baltic in quest of raw material. Eight hundred boats are engaged in the herring fishery. Vast companies monopolize trade with India, China and Japan."

This was more than 200 years ago.

Amsterdam is a city where one might live for a long time with interest. There was to me something charmingly inspiring in the city, not only in its wonderful historic and artistic past, but also in its active living present. It abounds in charitable institutions. The care here paid to the blind is especially worthy of note. I regretted that my limited time did not permit of my inquiring more definitely into the workings of the *Maatschappig tot Nut van't Algemeen*, or Association for the furtherance of the general good, which has its principal bureau in Amsterdam. It was founded by a Baptist minister in 1784, and its good workings is felt through all Holland. Its objects are, the raising of the standard of popular education, the circulation of good literature, the diffusing of knowledge generally, the promotion of good morals, the support of widows and orphans, and others equally praiseworthy. The Seamen's Home is a fine building, erected 1856. I spent one evening in the brilliantly lighted Zoological Garden (one of the finest and best arranged in Europe), where hundreds of the good people of Amsterdam were gathered for a concert. The friendly and family groups under the arching trees made a charming picture. Here I noticed that nearly every one had tea, instead of beer, as in Germany. I shall always remember with pleasure my walk home on the same evening along the ship-crowded wharves. It was so still and peaceful and the air so balmy that I half fancied myself again in the tropics. The moon shone in all its beauty, and the river Ij, the arrowy masts of a thousand ships, the winding canals, the fantastic houses, the grey towers, seemed transfigured in the silvery light.

REMBRANDT AND THE PICTURE GALLERIES OF AMSTERDAM.

It were wiser for me, in these brief and hastily written sketches, to avoid altogether mentioning the subject of Dutch and Flemish art; the field is too great, too important, in a certain sense too sacred, to be touched upon lightly and superficially. And yet I can scarcely walk with you through the streets of Amsterdam without for a moment speaking of Rembrandt, whose home was here. At least one-half your time in visiting the Netherlands will, I am sure, be spent in the Picture Galleries; they are the rightful glory of these little countries. To study Dutch and Flemish art, one must come here to the fountain-head. You may see scattered pictures of Dutch and Flemish artists all over Europe, but it strikes me that here alone you can rightly understand them. You walk the streets they walked, look upon the same faces which you see painted in their pictures—enter, as it were, into their very life. I can scarcely compel my pen to stay within its prescribed limits. The very mention of this subject seems like the opening of the floodgates, and the great waves of joyous memories, of the hours and days I spent in the compauy of Rembrandt, of Rubens, of Potter, Franz Hals and the other masters, rush in upon me, almost overwhelmingly. I would wish to avoid anything that might seem like sentimental exaggeration, but I can truly say that as I have come forth from some of these world-famous galleries, I have with difficulty refrained from shouting from very joy, and though months have now crept in between those days and these, I feel that the inspiration and delight they were to me then grows, like wine, stronger and sweeter with time.

Amsterdam, as I was saying, was the home of Rembrandt, one of the greatest artists the world has ever known,—the Shakspeare of painting, as Taine so rightly calls him. He was born in Leiden about 1607, and died in Amsterdam, where he spent the most important portion of his life, in 1667. Everyone is familiar with his peculiar style of painting, the contrasts of light and shadow, the illumination of one particular point in a painting. You will pardon me for giving one or two words from Taine's suggestive pages on this artist. They are themselves so exquisitely beautiful that they have run in my mind for days, like music:

"He rendered this atmosphere palpable and revealed to us its mysterious and thronging population; he impregnated it with the light of his own country—a feeble yellow illumination like that of a lamp in a cellar; he felt the mournful struggle between it and shadow, the weakness of vanishing rays dying away in gloom, the tremulousness of reflections vainly clinging to gleaming walls, the sum of that vague multitude of half darks which, invisible to ordinary gaze, seem in his paintings and etchings to form a submarine world, dimly visible through an abyss of waters. On emerging from this obscurity, the full light, to his eyes, proved a dazzling shower; he felt, as it were, flashes of lightning, or some magical effulgence, or as myriads of beaming darts."

The finest collection of pictures in Holland is in Amsterdam, and the fincst picture of the collection is the "Night Watch" of Rembrandt. It represents one of the ancient guilds of Amsterdam, and depicts its members in holiday attire, and is one of the most superb pieces of artistic coloring in the world. The figures, life size, seem fairly stepping out of the canvas to greet you. The effects of light and shadow are marvelous. In the Royal Gallery at the Hague is a striking painting by Rembrandt, strangely, painfully fascinating. It presents to us a famous anatomist of that day, surrounded by an eager group of listeners, before whom is placed a corpse, explaining the wondrous mechanism of the human body. Near this is an exquisite picture, a "Presentation in the Temple." The Holy Child and the high priest are bathed in a flood of golden light. But I must not allow myself to specify. I know of no painter who has so strangely moved me as Rembrandt. There is something almost intoxicating in his marvelous coloring; you would be perhaps blinded and dazzled by his glorious crimsons and lustrous golds, were it not for the near presence of amber and brown and dusky black shadows of unfathomable depth. It is this element of *mystery* which he holds over you like a magician. But his power lies, most of all, in his nearness to nature and humanity. His paintings are, as it were, animated by some impassioned *soul!* With Rembrandt's name begins a long list of artist names which have a world-wide celebrity. I may perhaps recall a few by name—more is here impossible: Ruisdael, Ter Burg, Paul Potter, Gerard Dow, Jan Steen, Teniers, Van der Helst. Amsterdam, with its numerous galleries, easy of access, furnishes for the visitor, whether his stay be long or short, a rich and satisfying feast.

UTRECHT.

I went down by train one lovely moonlight evening to Utrecht, spent that night there in a charming little Dutch inn, and next day rambled about the old town. Old indeed it is, for it is one of the old cities of Holland, and that is saying much. In Utrecht is a famous University, numbering something like 500 students. In Ecclesiastical history Utrecht has played an important role. To-day it is a charmingly fresh and cleanly city, beautiful with blossoming gardens and pleasant homes. I climbed up the long winding stone stairways of the Cathedral tower, and when once at the summit felt loath indeed to leave. The view is extensive, commanding almost all of Holland and other provinces over the border. The verdant landscape lay bathed in a delicious wealth of golden autumn sunshine, varied by beautiful groves of trees, through which the red-tiled roofs of villages and country homes gleamed in the noon-sunlight, intersected at every turn by winding canals and silver streams. The suburbs of the city are wonderfully charming. I rode several miles into the country, and it seemed as if the entire way was bordered by stately avenues of trees, beautiful gardens and lawns, and the comfortable often luxurious mansions and villas of wealthy merchants.

ZAAMDAM AND PETER THE GREAT.

One could spend day after day making excursions by steamer, by sail or foot from Amsterdam out, and all of them pleasant and interesting. There is Hoorn, Pumerende, and above all funny, neat little Brock, which has the most evincible renown of being the *cleanest place in the world.* Nearly all the inhabitants of this model little nook are engaged in the making of "Edam" cheese. The houses, most of them are picturesquely painted in white and green. Zaandam is an interesting town, only an hour or two from Amsterdam by boat. The view of that city from the water in leaving was most imposing. Everybody comes to Zaandam to see the little log cabin where Peter the Great lived for a number of months, when he came to Holland to learn how the Dutch made their ships, and worked (his rank unknown) as a common laborer, in the sweat of his brow, on the wharves. The story is a very fine and interesting one, and will amply repay any one who looks it up in Russian History. One of the late Queens of Holland, a Russian Princess, bought the little hut and had a larger building constructed over it, in order to protect it from the weath-

er. It is a rough, little affair, with two rooms, one containing a huge fire place, the other being the bedroom of the Czar of all the Russias. It is visited by thousands of people. I chanced to be in Zaandam quite at the right time. It was "Kirmess" or the Autumn Fair. The streets were alive with country people and filled with gayly ornamented booths, and all manner of "shows." All this gay color and life was a very pleasant addition to the picturesque town.

BY WATER TO ALKMAAR.

My longing to see in reality, in all its poetic charm here in Holland, what I had so often seen in the paintings of Dutch landscapes was fully gratified one rare afternoon and evening between Zaandam and Alkmaar. It seemed as I stood on the deck of the steamer as if one lovely and characteristic picture after another was unfolded before me. Our way lay partly on by river, partly by broad canals. Now and then great boats swung down the river, crowded with huge tawny, brown sails, which rose in a stately way against the fair and tenderly tinted sky of the coming evening. Some of them seemed to be the homes of entire families, and in their way had a çozy, snug hole, at least the parents and rosy checked children seemed contented. Quite down to the waters edge came pretty and trim little gardens, and hundreds of houses, (all of them wonderfully neat and orderly, and some bearing over the gable or at the side some pleasant and poetic name) brought the "homes" of the people near to me. I enjoyed picturing the family life—the gatherings in the garden, the father with his evening pipe, the mothers and daughters at their knitting, the boys engaged in their sports. Far off the horizon appeared spires of village churches, stately manor, houses peeped through the trees. Hundreds of windmills to right, to left, of all sizes and ages, rose like the trees of a forest along our way. This is the very Paradise of windmills. Then came wide and glorious stretches of meadow land, where wandered the famous sleek and gentle-eyed cattle of Holland. Here and there were scattered groups of laborers, though the twilight had already begun to gather, others were leisurely taking their way homeward. The low lands were covered with silvery, fleecy bands of floating mist. The night air came in soft, cool waves over the water against the pale, rose-tinted sunset sky came a shadow, taking as we drew nearer the forms of stately towers, sending us messages of welcome from the brave, heroic old town of *Alkmaar*.

FRANK WILLIAMS DAMON,

[From the British Trade Journal.]

Can the Australian Colonies Negotiate a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States?

In some of the Australian colonies, notably Victoria, the American element is on the increase, and at no distant date it may exercise an influence greatly exceeding its numerical strength. There is only too much affinity on some points—tariffs, for instance—between our lost colonies of the eighteenth century and our new ones of the nineteenth. This has not escaped the notice of a shrewd observer in the Vice-Consul-General of the United States at Melbourne. In a recent report to the Department of State at Washington, he comments on the peculiar relation in which the colonies stand towards the Union. They fight the Americans with their own weapons—high duties and partiality to native industry. It may be advisable, therefore, thinks the Vice-Consul-General, to come to terms with them. At present they levy heavy taxes on all American produce—lumber, tobacco, tinned meats, hardware, tools, etc. It would be an obvious advantage to American manufacturers to have these obstructive duties reduced, and such a magnificent customer as Australia might be beguiled into reciprocity. Australia has one staple export, her unrivalled wool, which America is compelled to use whether she will or not. It cannot be produced in the States, and native wool growers are not in the least benefited by the high duty it has to pay. The Vice-Consul-General proposes a bargain with Australia, in which, for the sake of easy admission of her wool into the States, she would favor the consumption of American tinned meats, tools and hardware at the Antipodes. Should the Department of State take action on this very plausible advice it will soon learn that its Melbourne agent has sent it after a will-o'-the-wisp. It is a fundamental condition of self-government in every Australian colony that no differential duties shall be levied.

OLD FRIENDS.—After long years of absence, copies of the New England Primer and Esop's Fables have been laid upon our table. By us lie these two well-read and well-thumbed books of our youth. The same big whale is spouting as he did a half century and more ago:

"Whales in the sea
God's voice obey."

There lies Xerxes in his coffin, as he lay of yore:

"Xerxes did die,
And so must I."

Zaccheus is still in the tree:

"Zaccheus, he
Did climb the tree
Our Lord to see."

Mr. John Rogers is still burning at the stake. His weeping wife and children are standing near. According to this authority there are ten children, including the one in his mother's arms!

Esop's Fables read the same as fifty years ago. The wolf is still devouring the lamb. The wolf and the crane have not changed. The dog still sees his shadow in the brook where he lost his "delicious morsel," while the sun and the wind are contending to make the traveler cast off his cloak.

"Shall old acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind."

JAPANESE BOOKS.—We have received a package of Japanese books and pamphlets from Dr. Gulick, in Japan. If any Japanese or friends of Japanese residing on the Islands desire these publications, they may be had by applying to Mr. Dunscombe, at the FRIEND office.

The Scholar's Love for the Bible in the Original.

A teacher in San Francisco thus writes to a friend in Honolulu: "I still keep up my lectures; and this morning 'the unction from the Holy One' filled our room with a fragrance richer than from the box of alabaster broken at the feet of Jesus, as I was opening to the class, from the Hebrew, the riches of the 45th Psalm. * * I am reading my Greek Testament through for the 164th time, and everywhere I find increasingly in this Paradise of truth richer delights than were found in Eden, every branch of truth richly covered with hidden manna, and cooling streams everywhere gushing from hidden springs, fed from the mountains of the heavenly Zion."

A correspondent, separated by two oceans and a broad continent, thus writes: "Do come, and I will read the Epistles of John with you in the original Greek. I have been reading 'John' lately; the words of tender comfort and cheer are so sweet, and especially in the original."

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MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Jan 24—Am bktne Catherine Sudden, Ingalls, 26½ days from Port Blakely
24—Brit bk Highflyer, Hawking, from London via St Michaels, 100 days
25—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, 24 days from Port Townsend
26—Ralatea schr Vivid, English, 10 dys fm Fanning's Id
26—P M S S City of New York, Cobb, 6 days 21 hours from San Francisco
26—Am bk Buena Vista, Calhoun, 32 days from Port Towns nd
30—Am bktne Ella, Brown, 18 days from San Francisco
31—Kilauea Hou from Maui
31—James MaKee from Kauai
Feb 5—Am bk D C Murray, Richie, 13 dys fm S Francisco
6—Am bktne Discovery, Smith, 12 dys fm S Francisco
Feb 14—Am bktne Monitor, Nelson, 15 days fm Humboldt
15—Am bgtne Morning Star, Bray, 35 days from Strong's Island
16—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, 17 days 10½ hrs from Sydney via Auckland
16—Am bgtne Hazard, Miller, 20 dys fm Port Townsend
17—Am bktne Grace Roberts, Ohlsen, 17 days from San Francisco
17—Am sh Otago, Harding, 70 dys fm Newcastle, NSW
17—Haw schr Kaaikeaouli, Fahsel, 13 days 17 hours from Port Townsend
20—Haw bk Kale, Alhorn, 134 days from Hamburg
Feb. 21—Am sch Cassie Hayward, Blake. 19 days from San Francisco.
22—Am bktne Eureka, Nordberg, 13 days from San Francisco.
23—Am bktne Fremont, Nickerson, from Kahului.
23—Am sch W H Meyer, Jordan, 14 days from San Francisco.
24—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, 7 days, 7 hours from San Francisco.
27—Haw bk Mattie Macleay, 18 days from Portland, Oregon.

DEPARTURES.

Jan 24—Am brig Sea Waif, Wagner, for San Francisco
24—Am schr Bonanza, Miller, for San Francisco
25—Am wh bk John Howland, Green, for whaling cruise
27—P M S S City of New York, for Auckland & Sydney
27—Brit bk Lady Lampson, Marston, for San Francisco
29—Am bk Arkwright, Newhall, for Port Gamble
30—Ralatea schr Vivid, English, for Fannings Island
Feb 1—Am bk J W Seaver, Melander, for San Francisco
2—Brit bk Casma, Irwin, for Victoria, B C
2—Am schr Dashing Wave, McCulloch, for San Fran
3—Am bgtne Sheet Anchor, Friis, for Hanalei, Kauai
6—Brit bk Highflyer, Hawking, for San Francisco
Feb 8—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, for Port Townsend
9—Am bktne Kate Sudden, Ingles, for Port Townsend
10—Brit bk Norham Castle, Good, for San Francisco
10—Am bk Buena Vista, Calhoun, for Port Townsend
Feb 16—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for S Francisco
17—Am bktne Ella, Brown, for San Francisco
18—Haw bk Kalakaua, Jenks, for San Francisco
18—Am bk Cyane, Hanson, for San Francisco
Feb. 21—Am bktne Monitor. Nelson, for Humboldt.
25—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, for Sydney.
27—Am bk D C Murray, Ritche, for San Francisco

Notice to Mariners.

The following, received at the Foreign Office from the Hawaiian Consul at Hobart Town, Tasmania, has been handed to us for publication.

Notice is hereby given, that the light at Currie harbor, on the west coast of King island (the preliminary notice of its erection was made 26th October, 1878), will be completed and exhibited from and after the 1st day of March, 1880.

The following corrected description of the tower, and position is given for general information:

Tower—Is an iron tower, 70 feet high, supported by six cast-iron columns, the lower ends terminating in screw piles. It has a wrought-iron light room, and central tube for stair-case. It will stand on an eminence about 70 feet high on the south side of Currie harbor, in latitude 39° 56' 45" S., longitude 143° 51' E.

Light—Is of the first order, dioptric, holophotal, revolving, with flashes every 12 seconds, viz: 5 flashes and eclipses alternately in a minute, and will illuminate an arc of 180°, viz: From New Year's Island on the north to Point Cataraque on the south, The light is 150 feet above the sea level, and will be seen in ordinary weather at a distance of 17 or 18 miles.

Caution—Mariners approaching King island are particularly directed to note the distinction between Currie harbor light and that on Cape Otway on the Victorian coast.

Currie harbor light shows five bright flashes every minute.

Cape Otway light shows 1 bright flash every minute.

MEMORANDA.

Am bktne Fremont arrived at Kahului on the 5th inst., touching on the reef in entering, and sustaining slight injury.

The P M S S City of Sydney sailed from Sydney Jan 29th, at 3 P M, with 95 passengers and 79¼ tons of cargo. Experienced fresh gales from E to SE with head sea the entire passage, and arrived at Auckland Feb 3d at 4.45 P M. Sailed same day at 8.30 P M. Feb 5th, lat 30.36 S, lon 179.42 W, passed an American whaler steering south. Feb 6th, lat 26.06 S, lon 175.27 W, at 1.30 P M, exchanged night signals with stmr City of New York, bound south. Experienced fresh winds from E to NE the entire passage from Auckland. Arrived at Honolulu February 16th, at 1.26 A M.

REPORT OF BKTN EUREKA, NORDBERG, MASTER.—Left San Francisco Feb. 8 at 11 A. M., had light wind from East to 10 P. M., then strong wind from S. E. with rain. At 2 P. M. Feb. 9, had a gale with rain, stove in the stables on port side, and shifted the whole deck load. Carried away deck load stancheons and had to keep before the wind from 2 o'clock to 7.30 A. M. to save and repair the wreck, and hove to jettison cargo to save the cattle from suffocation, which succeeded. At 9.30 A. M. the wind moderated, and at 5 P. M. had calm. On the 10th got light breeze from W. N. W., which lasted until getting the trade wind, fresh from Lat. 27° N, Long 132° 30' W. to port.

REPORT OF STMR ZEALANDIA, CHEVALIER, COMMANDER.—Weighed anchor at San Francisco Feb. 17th at 3.25 P. M. discharged pilot at 5 P. M. Experienced a succession of strong variable winds and heavy sea until the 21st; afterwhrd, moderate and fine weather to port. Arrived off Honolulu at 11 P. M. on the 24th.

SPOKEN.—Jan. 13, in lat 2° 27' N, long 35° W, Am bk Ceylon, Hayden, from Boston for this port.

PASSENGERS.

For Victoria, B C, per Helena, *Dec* 27—H Southworth.

For San Fran, per W H *Meyer*, Dec 27—Charles Wollace, Mrs Spencer, Miss Talcott, Mrs Atherton, A D Pierce, S D Huribut, John Berry, John Brown, Mrs Le Favre, F Steinburg, E Reinhardt, James Lewis, A J Stewart, W D Frier, H McGinness, J A Pudge, (alias J E Duff,) Mark Chat Ah Sing.

For Sydney, per Australia, Dec 29—H Donner, W Jenkins, Thos Malley, J J Williams.

For San Francisco, per Ida Schnaur, Dec 31st—M Lambert and wife, Wm H Stall, A R Kirkwood.

For San Francisco, per Grace Roberts, Dec 27—George Wiggins, Thos Prich, F Benedict.

From San Fran, per Australia, Dec 29—Mr and Mrs Austin, Miss Austin, Miss Comer, Mr and Mrs Core, B Austin, Mr and Mrs Muir, Mr Gilmore, E Grout, Mr and Mrs Maertens, Mr and Mrs Hall, G Arundell, H Hyman, Mrs Hutchinson, C T Easton, F H Price, Joe Jarvis, H Hollister, J L Royston, C P Bolton, F Whitney, R Grieve, Rev Father Gallagher, Miss Gage, Mr and Mrs Otta, Mr and Mrs R McFie, J Oakford, Mr and Mrs J Howie, S Roth, H Baldwin, W Russell, C E Williams, Miss Robertson, Mr Pfluger, J Howard, J Moorhouse, Mrs Cushingham. H Evans, Wm White, W C Clinch and wife, W Reynolds, Rose and Mary Adler, M W Place, G O Mason, T Foley, G McKenzie, J Willis, J R Holliday, J Middleton. C Betts, F T Cote, H Harlen, R A Root, Mrs Kink, P Fitzpatrick, J Glovely, Con Sullivan, Tim Casey, W Fuller, G Rosa, R Graham, W P Grace, Emma Pervis. H M Davis, D Collins, P Daley, C O Young, Mrs Watson, D McInerny, — Cosgrove, and 45 in transitu.

From San Francisco, per W H Almy, Jan, 3—Miss Zoe Gayton, Frank Perkins, O Walton, Miss O Walton, Miss Nelson, H C Bradley, Miss L Ingles, J M Francouer, Geo W Hook, John Cerbes.

For Fannings Island, per Vivid, San, 5—J T Arundel.

From San Francisco, per Lady Lampson, Jan 5—Rev F H Robinson and wife, Thomas Tannatt and wife, W H Gaylord and wife, E Edwards, J Joe, John J Brown, Andrew Long, Geo Sherman, Wm Bigsbee, and 2 Chinese.

For San Francisco, per Eureka, Jan 10—Leopold Gille, Fred Wardell, Martin Brewer, D Norton, James Victory, G C Mason, W A Gross, E J Allbrecht.

For San Francisco, per Helen W Almy, Jan 15—Mrs R Lewers and two children, Mr and Mrs Wells.

For Portland, O, per J A Falkinburg, Jan 15—Captain John Wolf.

From San Francisco, per Bonanza, Jan 12—W G Gradenhine, F Guttschalk, H W Cushing, — Perry.

From San Francisco, per Ella, Jan 31—John Gaspard, Sam S Conia, Frank Heyland, Manuel Prado, J Murphy.

From San Francisco, per D C Murray, Feb 5—G F Coffin and wife, Mrs J A Mix, Mrs Harnden and children, C B Wells, J J Redington, W J Jenkins, George Compton, H Strolle, H M Gwillon, R H Slatter, E Naughton, Wm Nixon.

For Liverpool, per Casma, Feb 2—G H Luce, jr.

From San Francisco, per Discovery, Feb 6—Col S Norris, Peter Paul, James Andrews, D Davis, J F May, R J O'Brien, J Fitzgerald.

For San Francisco, per Norham Castle, Feb 9—Mr Gardenhire, Henry Blower, J F Courtenay.

For San Francisco, per Ella, Feb 16—Dr Gildea and family, Henry Foster, Miss Weed, A G Colville.

From Sydney, per City of Sydney, Feb 16—S Staines, T McCarthy, H Hamill, J Young, Theo Lloyd, W Pickham, W K Russell, and 91 passengers in transitu.

For San Francisco, per City of Sydney, Feb 16—Mr C A Low and family, Dr A W Saxe, M Green, H W Hyman, T M Thompson, Chas J Eaton, Fanny Rouse, Julia Chan, Yan Fan Kee, H J Agnew, Rev S C Damon and wife, Prof A F Zamloch, William Marks, William Grey, Mrs Simpson, Z K Myers, H H Williams, John Swanson, E T Pester R Young and wife, Samuel Foster, T W Wendel, Andrew Hepburn, John P Peterson, D McKenzie, John McGurck, Harry Cchuder, W F McClure, M H Kraft, J G Keiser, J O Strauss, J M Seamens, Thos Fox, and 10 Chinese.

From Fan Francisco, per Grace Roberts, Feb 17—L Whyland, Robert Montague.

For San Francisco, per Kalakaua, Feb 10—Thos Lack and family, Rev S Wilbur, B Wilcocks, J E Alexander, Col Norris, John Thompson, Gerald Barry.

From Hamburg, per Kate, Feb 20—J Ehlers, Bauermeister, Buchholtz, St Bille.

For San Francisco, per Claus Spreckles, Jan 17—J E Wynde, Wm Moody, S Williams.

From Sydney, per Zealandia, G B Clark and wife, 52 passengers in transitu.

For San Francisco, per Zealandia, Jan 20—H P Jones, T M Hawley, L Seeberger and wife, Miss A M Dudoit, T M Hawley, L Seeberger and wife, Miss A M Dudoit, Mr and Miss Thompson, Miss Folger, Miss Zoe Atkinson, Mr and Miss Thompson, Miss Folger, Miss Zoe Atkinson, J Lewis, wife and son, T V Whitney, H Russell, J Kinnear, James Gilmore, Mrs Muir, J M Oat Jr, F B Oat, Col T C McDowell, C M M'Dowell, R Green, A M Mellis, Miss Davis, R Webb, Mrs C M Winn, James Roberts, Miss Davis, R Webb, Mrs C M Winn, James Roberts, Eliza Kenney, G D Merritt, J Ford, Thomas Crane, J Ainsworth, J McLeavey, R Pierson, A Lorentz, W H Gaylord and wife, M McCarthy, W Williams, S M Coombs, W Elliott, W Holt, J R Griffith and wife, Louis Aurcut, A Bonick, Charles Northup, P Paulsen, James Roberts, A D Bolster, H Tietjen, James Berry, F Davis, James Irving, N Schwartz, F H Price, D B Griffin, H M Davies, F H Wilt.

From San Francisco, per John Howland, Jan 24—James McGuire.

From San Francisco, per Cyane, Jan 24—A H Courtenay and wife, J A Waterman, T Edmonds, Miss English.

For San Francisco, per Bonanza, Jan 24—W F Sharratt.

For Sydney, per City of New York, Jan 26—R Watson and wife, Miss Shann, Mrs Bowser and two children, Mrs T W Brown, J Moorhouse.

From San Francisco, per City of New York, Jan 26—Mrs Hopper and child, A G Brown, A C Bleurer, G E Williams and wife, J A Buck, C Mangles, F Sinclair and wife, R Robinson, Chas Gay, C Adolph Low, wife and daughter, Mary Smith, M Green, W Turner, F C Hornung, M Davis, wife and four children, John Ross, J G Sweeney, G Hargreaves and wife, F Banman, Mrs Heine. Miss Wolters, A Harrison, W G Horner, C F Horner, Mrs M Woodward, G Carollan, Dr Kinsley, R Johnstone, W Shurtz, M Hartnet, Mrs H Hewitt, John De Graves, Lizzie Davis, Chas Smith, and 38 in transitu for Sydney and Auckland.

For San Francisco, per Lady Lampson, Jan 27—W H Cushing, D S Kinsey, George Kinsey.

From Western Islands, per Highflyer, Jan 24—358 Portuguese immigrants.

From San Francisco, per Cassie Hayward, Feb 21—W G Johns, H McGinness.

From San Francisco, per Eureka, Feb 22—S Sweet and wife, H Schwartz, wife and two children, R J Green, J W Lamson, John Cairly, W Farrell, E S Dell, Robert Levy, M Stevens, Robert Salter, T W Raymond, A C Judson, E Hammar.

From San Francisco, per W H Meyer, Feb 23—Mrs Blaisdale and child, E Stevenson, D B Griffin, F Howard, F Wells, M Ryan, A Bolster, J W Gilpatrick, Jno Flavel, J Evans.

From S Francisco, per Fremont, Feb 23—W H Peabody.

For San Francisco, per D C Murray, Feb 27—Mrs Jones and 2 children, Miss Shaw, William Booth, George T Cofling and lady, N Smithies, C Patten, Jas White, Jno Page.

For Sydney, per Zealandia, Feb. 25—W Pickham, F A Solomon, T J Baker, James Blaney, T D Hafford, C G Parsons, G F Richardson, D Davis, D E Hayes.

From San Francisco, per Zealandia. Feb 24—Rev C E Grosser wife and child, Miss I Albro, Mrs. M I Basher, Mrs Greenfield and 3 children, Dr E H Thatcher and wife, A Williams, J M Oat, jr, F B Oat, E Suhr, Capt F Grant, A M Mellis, Dr B O Baker, wife and child, Miss Clench, I H Givens, F Farcos, S C Bowley, Mrs A Buckingham, Miss B Richardson, E Moore and wife, T Malcolmson and wife, W Johnston, R Budden, A Beerman, W Pengilly, W J Ramsey, F H Redward, J O'Connor, Bill (native), H M Guced, W McLagan, P W Grannis, T H B Bougers, Mrs Valtinan, J H Mackenzie, M A Boyle, S D Pierce, R W Putman, G Calhoun, G Sears, F W Wallace, W Davis and wife, A K Weir, J Duff, W Ager, J Cattsford J G Hook, Dr Deschawrtz, 9 chinese and 51 passengers in transit.

DIED.

FULLER—In this city, at midnight, January 25, 1880, at the residence of the Hon. A. F. Judd, MARIA ELLEN, wife of Capt. Andrew Fuller, aged 31 years. Deceased was the eldest daughter of Capt. George Gedge, an old Californian. San Francisco papers please copy.

OVEREND—On Maui Jan. 15th, WILLIE ROWELL beloved son of Robert and Sophie Overend, aged 4 years and 29 days.

AGER.—On 26th January, at Wailuku, Maui, HERBERT A. AGER, aged 38 years. Deceased was a native of Warner, N. H. Eastern papers please copy.

BECKWITH.—At Haiku, Maui, February 4th, GEORGE EDWARD, only son of George E and Harriet G Beckwith, aged 10 years and 9 months.

HARRIS.—At Kapaa, Kauai, February 9th, JOHN HARRIS, aged about 37 years. Deceased was a native of Akin, opposite Milford, South Wales. He leaves a wife, who is living on Hawaii.

WARD.—In Honolulu, February 14th, of paralysis, Mrs MARIA WARD, aged 84 years. The beloved mother of Mrs Charles C Barton. [The deceased was a resident of San Francisco, and formerly of New York City, where she resided 74 yeara. The grandfather of the deceased was one of the first founders of New York City (then called New Amsterdam), having settled there with the first colony of Hollanders in the year 1600. She was a good Christian and a loving mother. Her death will be lamented by a large circle of loving friends.]

FRENCH—In this city, on the 25th Feb., at the residence of A. W. Bush, of paralysis, Mrs. LYDIA PANIOIKAWAI FRENCH, widow of the late William French, aged 63. She died a true Christian, and leaves a daughter, son and several grandchildren. (New York and Vermont papers please copy.)

MARRIED.

CHAKI—MOQUAI.—In Honolulu, February 5th, by Rev. S. C. Damon, CHAKI to ANNIE MOQUAI, both of Honolulu.

WILDER—COGGSHALL.—In this city, February 7th, at the residence of W. C. Wilder, Esq., by the Rev. H. H. Parker, Mr. JOHN K. WILDER to Miss MARION COGGSHALL.

MACHADO—DE JESUS.—In Honolulu, February 8th, by Rev. S. C. Damon, ANTONIO JOSE MACHADO to ASABEL DE JESUS, both of Honolulu.

ROSE—RUMBEL.—In Honolulu, February 9th, by Rev. S. C. Dmon, MORRITZ A. ROSE, of Kaneohe, Oahu, to ROSINA RUMBEL, of Honolulu.

ASEU—KEKUA.—In this city, February 9th, by Rev. W. Frear, Mr. LUKE ASEU to Miss MARY ANN KEKUA, both of Honolulu.

NORDBERG—BOOTH.—In Honolulu, Feb 24th, by the Rev H H Parker, Captain E M NORDBERG, of California, to Miss IDA E BOOTH, of Honolulu.

THOMAS—CUMMINGS—In Honolulu, February 27th, 1880, by the Rev. H. H. Parker, JAMES HENRY THOMAS, of Cardiff, South Wales, England, to Miss JENNIE CUMMINGS, of Honolulu.

☞ We had the pleasure, by a recent mail, to receive two neatly written letters, one from a lady aged 86, and the other from a lady aged 92 both written in a style of penmanship which would make some young ladies in their school days quite blush. One resides in Massachusetts and the other in Kansas, to which she had just removed from Iowa, a distance of 500 miles of land travel. What seems quite noteworthy, both referred to Hawaiians who visited America before the arrival of the missionaries here in 1820.

Mrs. Nelson, widow of Dr. Nelson, late pastor of the church in Leicester, thus writes under date of Nov. 17:

"I have ever felt a great interest in the Sandwich Islands, having known the first missionaries who went from our country to that place. That company collected and dined in our village before they left. Thomas Hopu stood on the steps of a dwelling-house surrounded by the missionary group and many villagers, and offered a prayer; so we took leave of them. On the 15th of October last I crossed the threshold of my ninety-second birthday. Shadows have followed the sunshine, but I have had more lights than shadows in my pilgrimage. I have had a pleasant journey. Though the billows swell, we will trust the pilot that can carry us safely to the desired shore—the haven of rest."

Our other correspondent in Kansas thus writes:

"I have always kept the mission to the Sandwich Islands in mind more than any other, having had a niece there, and all the circumstances of its first beginning being fresh in mind. Henry Obookiah having lived in my sister's family, and I occasionally visiting there, made lasting impressions."

[From the Literary World.]

A Lady in the Rocky Mountains.*

Miss Isabella L. Bird is already known to a considerable and appreciative public by her "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," a book which abundantly testifies to her enthusiastic love of traveling adventure and her very exceptional powers of vivacious description. This volume about her "Life in the Rocky Mountains" consists of letters written, so she tells us, "without the remotest idea of publication." Somehow, the manuscripts seem to have got into the hands of the editor of a popular monthly magazine, and we are not surprised that a glance from his shrewd, observant eye was quite sufficient to secure from him a request for the use of them in the pages of his periodical, and now, happily, they see the light in this separate form.

We say "happily," for we can hardly imagine a reader who will not be fascinated by the interest of these pages, and who will not be sorry when the last of them is reached. It is one of those books, of which there are comparatively few, which beguile the reviewer into temporary forgetfulness of the sterner aspects of his duty. He takes it up, paper-knife in hand, pencil and paper before him, intending to read and make his memoranda as he goes along; but hour after hour slips by, and when the lamp is burning low, and the fire is dying out, and the book has been read from back to back, the critic rouses himself to the discovery that he has not made a single pencil-mark on the margin or on the blank paper which he so conscientiously placed upon his desk. The fact is, Miss Bird visited such extraordinary scenes, and accomplished her travelling in such an extraordinary fashion, especially for a lady, that she almost takes our breath away, and we simply read on and on the story which she tells and the pen and ink pictures or word paintings which she gives, with keenest zest, and in the most uncritical fashion possible.

Miss Bird certainly is not a lady to be satisfied with a seat in a first-class carriage or a Pullman's car. She did the greater part of her journey in the Rocky Mountains on horseback, sitting astride her saddle like a man, wearing a dress (no doubt a graceful one, although it got almost worn to pieces before she had done with it) which she had had made for her and had used in the islands of the Pacific, and having no company but that of her horse and of such acquaintances, often of the wildest and rough est kind, as chance and the exigencies of travel compelled her to pick up. She found her way in a truly marvelous manner across vast and sometimes trackless wastes; she pressed on, now through blinding snow and frozen rain which caused the blood to start when it struck the face, and then through blazing, torturing, sickening heat; she forded innumerable streams, lakes and rivers, sometimes crossing over on ice and dropping into the ice-cold water when half-way over, and then having to ride on with benumbed limbs through fierce cold and frost for hours before she could find the rudest shelter or the roughest food; she slept generally on hay or straw, and was fortunate when she could get the coarsest blankets, while the wind drove freely through the open chinks of the log hut in which she had found refuge, and in the morning she had to sweep the snow or mud from the floor before she could complete her toilet; her food was often not only of the plainest kind, but sometimes of the scantiest in quantity; once the only water she could get was about as thick as peasoup, and she had to make her breakfast of the kernels of some nuts which she discovered in the stomach of a bear.

Yet even for hardships such as these she appears to have had a sufficient reward. Amidst those mighty mountains she saw visions of splendor and of loveliness such as comparatively but few are permitted to see on this earth. Her descriptions give us the impression of a gorgeousness of coloring on snow-clad summits and immeasurable expanses of sky, of a clear, intoxicating atmosphere, of a rugged sublimity, an exquisite richness of beauty, and a vastness of extent of scenery such as can hardly be paralleled elsewhere, and certainly not surpassed. She saw, also, aspects of human life and character not less interesting, often not less startling in their strangeness, than the scenery through which she passed. She became acquainted with those wild miners and other pioneers and adventurers in California and Colorado of whom Bret Harte has given us such vivid sketches, and whose reckless dissipation, extravagant eccentricities and strange inconsistencies, in which a dare-devil rascality is often blended with a certain simplicity and nobleness of nature, make them seem, to stay-at-home readers, like creatures of fiction rather than of real life.

It is fair to mention, however, that, writing still of Colorado, Miss Bird goes on to say: "There is a manifest indifference to the higher obligations of the law, 'judgment, mercy and faith;' but in the main the settlers are steady, there are few flagrant breaches of morals, industry is the rule, life and property are far safer than in England and Scotland, and the law of universal respect to women is still in full force."

On the last mentioned point Miss Bird's testimony is repeated and emphatic, and reflects much honor upon the population through which she passed and amongst whom she lived under such very singular conditions,—traveling alone, without arms, and altogether in a way which must have struck even those most remote from the ordinary currents of civilization as somewhat odd. During all her strange adventures and rencounters, she met, she tells us, with "nothing but civility, both of manner and of speech," except in a solitary instance, which, however, was not a serious one. "I have seen," she writes in her last letter, "a great deal of the roughest class of men, both on sea and land, during the last two years, and the more important I think the 'mission' of every quiet, refined, self-respecting woman, the more mistaken I think those who would forfeit it by noisy self-assertion, masculinity, or fastness. In all this wild West the influence of woman is second only in its benefits to the influence of religion, and where the last unhappily does not exist, the first continually exerts its restraining power."

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* A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains. By Isabella L. Bird, author of "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," &c., &c. With illustrations. London: John Murray. Price 10s. 6d.

Midnight Gathering at Tapiteuea.—We have received a letter from the Rev. E T. Doane, who sailed in the *Morning Star* It is dated July 9th, while the vessel wa cruising among the Gilbert Islands. He thu writes: "It was pleasant to 'come to' unde the lee of the island. I took the Captain' gig and pulled in with a native or two ove the covered flats, and reached the nativ teacher's house—Moses. It was near mid night. Natives, as soon as they heard o our arrival, spread the report and came rush ing together, having put on their Christia dresses—white shirts for the men and calic dresses for the women. Each came bring ing a cocoanut full of native molasses. beautiful incident was this, for somewhe or somehow the Lord had touched the hearts, and they were more willing to giv than receive. It was not long ere we had large company, all seated on mats and qui decorous. Do you know how wild the Gilbert Islanders are? But here, at mi night, we sang and prayed together. 'The is a Happy Land' was the melody we sun There, on that wild sand-beach, there w singing and praying to a late hour."

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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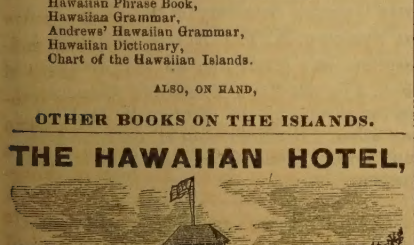

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Agents Punaon Salt Works, Brand's Bomb Lances,
And Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

E. HOFFMANN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

Corner Merchant and Kaahumanu Streets, near the Post Office.

LEWERS & DICKSON,

Dealers in Lumber and Building Materials,

Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

C. BREWER & CO.,

Commission and Shipping Merchants,

Honolulu, Oahu, H. I.

NOTICE TO SHIP MASTERS.

DILLINGHAM & CO.,

No. 37 Fort Street,

KEEP A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Goods Suitable for Trade.

SHIP MASTERS VISITING THIS PORT during the last Six Years can testify from personal experience that the undersigned keep the best assortment of

GOODS FOR TRADE

And Sell Cheaper than any other House in the Kingdom.

DILLINGHAM & CO.

A Long Felt Want to be Supplied.

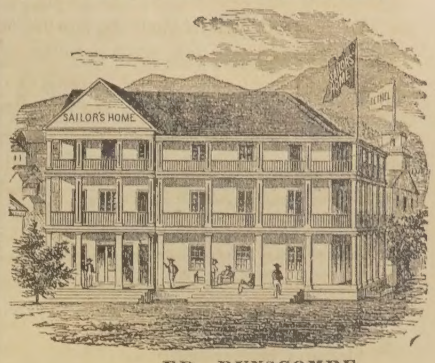
NOW IN COURSE OF PREPARATION and soon to appear, the Hawaiian Kingdom Statistical & Commercial Directory and Tourist's Guide. This Directory will contain information with regard to the location, occupation and residence of every business man, native and foreign, on all the Islands. Also a complete list of the plantations, farms and ranches, their location, agents, managers, post-office address, and distance from the metropolis, list of vessels under the Hawaiian flags besides other statistical matter useful and interesting. This Directory will be of incalculable value to business men at home or abroad, as the information contained in The Hawaiian Kingdom Statistical and Commercial Directory and Tourist's Guide, will be such as has never before appeared under the covers of any single book. The publisher would respectfully draw the attention of the public generally to the following facts. This Directory now in course of compilation, unlike any other directory published, contains important statistical information for merchants, manufacturers, real estate dealers, plantation proprietors, lawyers, hotel keepers, tourists, and in fact almost every class of business men. It will contain the names of all business men, classified, on all the islands, every town and village will be duly represented, giving the names of all foreign residents alphabetically arranged. It will give a full description of all the sugar and rice plantations; also all the farms or ranches, with names of owners, managers and agents; the distance of each plantation from the metropolis (Honolulu); the distance from the chief town, the name of the road, etc., etc. It will also contain a description of each of the Islands from personal research, and not copied from any previous description; the time occupied in travel from one Island to the other, mode of conveyance, the charges by steamer or sailing vessel, the accomodation on each Island and the probable cost to travelers, which will make the book invaluable to tourist. As a work of reference and a first-class advertising medium, it cannot be excelled, as every name is solicited personally, and the Directory when completed will go into the hands of a large proportion of the proprietors of plantations and ranches on the various Islands, and the class of people that advertisers generally desire to reach. The compilation of this directory is entirely new as regards the statistical portion, and gives information that is correct and reliable and of late date. This work is to be a home production in every respect, and should receive a generous patronage.

Subscription Price, $3.00. Advertising Rates. Whole Page, $20.00; Half Page, $13.00; Quarter Page, $7.50. Orders should be addressed to the Publisher,

GEORGE BOWSER.
Publisher and Proprietor.

☞ P. O. Box 172, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

SAILORS' HOME!



ED. DUNSCOMBE,
Honlulu, January 1, 1875. *Manager.*

CASTLE & COOKE

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

—AGENTS OF—

THE REGULAR PORTLAND LINE OF Packets, New England Mutual Life Insurance Company,
The Union Marine Insurance Company, San Francisco,
The Kohala Sugar Company,
The Haiku Sugar Company,
The Hamakua Sugar Company,
The Waialua Sugar Plantation,
The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company,
Dr. Jayne & Sons Celebrated Family Medicines. tf

TREGLOAN'S

—NEW—

Merchant Tailoring

ESTABLISHMENT,

Corner Fort and Hotel Streets.

I CALL THE ATTENTION of the Citizens of Oahu and the other Islands to the fact that I have OPENED a large

First-Class Establishment,

Where Gentlemen can find a

Well-selected Stock of Goods,

Chosen with great care, as to style, and adapted to this climate.

Having had an extensive experience in connection with some of the largest importing houses in New York and Philadelphia, I can assure my customers that they will not only secure the

Very Best Materials

but will also obtain at my place

The BEST FITTING GARMENTS

that can be turned out of any establishment in the Eastern cities.

English Hunting Pantaloons!

—AND—

LADIES' RIDING HABITS

MADE A SPECIALITY.

Children's Suits, in Eastern Styles.

W. TREGLOAN, Honolulu.

BISHOP & CO., BANKERS,

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO,

— AND THEIR AGENTS IN —

New York, Boston, Paris, Auckland,

THE ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION, LONDON,

— AND THEIR BRANCHES IN —

Hongkong, Sydney, and Melbourne,

And Transact a General Banking Business. ap19 79

Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

THIS PAGE IS

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

Where is God?

"Oh where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through;
"We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea—
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings,
And this was its song: "I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things;
But flying or singing, everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."

The Y. M. C. A. meet the third Thursday of every month, at the Lyceum, for business and discussion.

The topic for discussion at the March meeting is, "What should be done for the poor of our city?"

All interested in Y. M. C. A. work are cordially invited to attend.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE Y. M. C. A.

President, W. R. Castle; Vice President, Dr. J. M. Whitney; Secretary, W. A. Kinney; Treasurer, C. A. Peterson.

Reading Room Committee—E. Dunscombe

Editor—Wm. A. Kinney, Editor of the 8th page of THE FRIEND for this quarter.

Chinese Mission Committee—Rev. S. C. Damon, H. Waterhouse, J. B. Atherton, Rev. C. M. Hyde.

Entertainment Committee—Wm. O. Smith, T. H. Davies.

Employment Committee—S. B. Dole, E. Dunscombe, B. F. Dillingham.

Committee to Visit the Hospital and Prison—G. C. Lees, E. Dempsie, W. W. Hall, Dr. C. M. Hyde.

Committee of Early Meeting at Fort St. Church—Dr. J. M. Whitney, G. C. Lees.

☞ Owing to the inclemency of the weather, no Y. M. C. A. meeting was held last month. The topic for that meeting will be the one for the coming meeting.

PLEASE give attention to the following Association notices:

A weekly Thursday evening meeting for Christian young men is held in the side rooms of Fort Street Church vestry at 7 o'clock P. M. Let them receive support.

The undersigned, the Employment Committee of the Y. M. C. A. of this city, solicit business firms, business men, and in general all who wish employees, to apply to them for the same, as there are now numbers of employees waiting for applications through the above Committee.

SANFORD B. DOLE.
E. DUNSCOMBE.
B. F. DILLINGHAM.

The Y. M. C. A. Reading-room, on the second floor of the Sailors' Home, opposite the Post Office, is open every evening to strangers and all who wish to come.

☞ In looking over a number of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. *Watchman*, we see notices of the Young *Women's* and the Commercial Travelers' Christian Associations—something new to us. Verily we are marching at quickstep.

☞ The time seems to have come when branch Y. M. C. Associations on a small scale could be started with advantage at points on the other islands—say Kohala and Wailuku. The present influx of strangers would give such Associations work to do, and work done insures life to any society. A small reading room could be started and a committee appointed to visit the sick, if nothing more. Our Y. M. C. A. has at least a member in each of the above localities. Let them consider this suggestion.

☞ Some thirty years ago, the pastor of the Bethel, one Sabbath morning, while on the way to the chapel, invited a young whaleman he met on the street to attend service with him. The boy did not attend, but after thirty years, coming back here as a lieutenant on an American ship of war, called upon the pastor, and recalling the long-forgotten circumstance, said that he had come to apologize for not accepting his invitation, which he had never forgotten, and the refusal of which had caused him uneasiness sufficient to keep the otherwise trivial occurrence fresh in his memory for the past thirty years.

AGAIN.—The murder of Harris by Williams during the past month adds still further to the long list of evils resulting from strong drink. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Many of humanity have fallen through wine since these words were uttered, and many more are yet to fall. It seems almost idle to say to young men, beware! Experience, though black and bitter, seems the only teacher that the majority will listen to, and then because they cannot do otherwise.

THE LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM ASSOCIATION.—After the many degraded and degrading sights and sounds that one meets with in parts of Honolulu of an evening, it is a pleasant relief to step into the well-lighted room of this Association, on the second floor of Williams' brick building, there to take a view of the other side of the question. The Library, thanks to recent donations, now numbers over 1,000 volumes. Some fifty different periodicals and papers are spread out on the different tables, and the members number over two hundred. The number of persons who step in to read during the evening averages between 10 and 15, while others take their reading matter home. One member lately come among us has said that he thought he would have retreated from this place long ago had it not been for the Reading-room, and the general sentiment is that it is a step in the right direction.

A Fair may be held some time during the coming months for the benefit of this, the public's adopted child, when all are expected to do the fair thing. Any who are hindered from doing their share in this manner might help as much and more by a donation of books to the Library.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., U. S.,
Feb. 6th, 1880.

To the Y. M. C. A. of Honolulu:

DEAR BRETHREN: I was very much interested in an account recently given me by a seaman about the Sandwich Islands. He gave me the name of Mr. Damon as the missionary. Mr. Damon may or may not remember him—William M. Taylor. I dropped a line to our city missionary, T. R. Dennison, asking the full name of Mr. Damon, and he called and gave me some copies of THE FRIEND, of which one page, I observe, is conducted by you. Now, I should like very much to put THE FRIEND regularly upon our Association reading-table and to advertise it as one of the attractions to our rooms—a paper from the far-off Sandwich Islands. I desire to keep my membership posted on what is going on abroad in our line.

Give my hearty God-speed to Mr. Damon and accept it for yourselves.

Sincerely yours, W. P. WEBSTER,
General Secretary of Y. M. C. A.

P. S.—As an item of news, you may say that the State of Massachusetts has called, as State Secretary, Mr. S. M. Sayford, who was General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Syracuse, N. Y. A very delightful reception was given him on the evening of Feb. 4 by the State Executive Committee, in the parlors of the Boston Y. M. C. Association. Brethren from all over the State, and several from beyond her borders, were present. W. P. W.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.—The new Association building, costing $150,000, nearly all of which was contributed by the merchant princes of that city, was opened Oct. 17 by the Earl of Shaftesbury. They have 5,550 members on their roll; they have 180 branch Associations, 2,300 volumes in the library. They have 18 evening classes with 1,328 members. They received and expended last year about $8,300.